

Mr. Coleman's LEGACIES

He a Poet

OR, A
A TO
DISCOVER YD
OF O

POPISH MALICE;

WITH AMPL
CAUTIONS

To beware of

Dangerous Seducers.

With Allowances

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OR, A

DISCOVERY

OF

POBISH MALICE

DEAR Country, where my Infant Breath I drew,
Thy Int'rest once I eager did pursue;
Employ'd my Thoughts, and so compell'd my Will
To be obedient to thy Dictate, still
Serious in nothing but what just might prove
To settle Friendship, and Eternal Love:
Bound in my Conscience to protect thy Cause,
The which long started at the breach of Laws,
Disowning baseness, and all private Sin,
That ope's the Soul and lets black Treasons in,
Ah! — had I but so happy been to know
That blissful State, and so continue so:
Free had I been, as Nature could afford,
Protected by great Justice's awful Sword,
The which now Fate turns on me; I must feel
The weighty pressure of offended Steel,
Breath'd from destructive Air, the cruel Guilt
For which my Blood must be justly spilt:
Air breath'd from *Rome*, pernicious Tempests roll,
To blast with Mildews, spot the candid Soul
With lasting stains; make it more vile than he,
Who counts himself on Earth a Deity:
Compos'd of Dust, yet arrogates the name



Of him who rules the Universal Frame,
 Deceiving mortals with a fond conceit,
 That murders will promote 'em, make 'em great,
 But the Design is to support his Seat;
 The which on seven high Mountains plac'd there Waits
 The Triple Sisters on the Triple Fates,
 pride, Treason, Envy, and a thousand more,
 Attend his Courts; of which pernicious store
 He sends abroad dire Troops throughout the World
 Made fit for mischief, and like Torches hurld
 In mighty Piles, breed dangers where they come,
 And vex the Nations with Commands from Rome,
 Denouncing Purgatory and the Fire,
 Where Active Spirits work and never tire,
 Till money frees 'em, or they here must stay,
 Till *Plato's* year of *Jubile* makes way,
 For their releasements: This did I believe
 Till kinder Heaven did kindly undeceive,
 And made me sensible of my Estate,
 How I stood tott'ring on the brink of Fate,
 By undermining Priests was prompted too,
 The cruell'st things that wretched man could do,
 All dangerous Ills, wing'd with the foulest Crimes,
 That thoughts can center at, or blackest Fumes
 Expose to mortal Eyes, or bring to light,
 Hatch'd in the shades of everlasting Night,
 'Twas my intent to put in practice all,
 But dreadful sins on the Promoters fall,
 Pounding to Atoms those who strive to raise
 The bailful Engines, and extincts their days,
 For Kings are Heavens great Vice-roys, and that God
 Who gave them Pow'r defends them with his Rod,
 The Sacred Name of Majesty's Divine,
 A God compacted in a mortal Shrine:
 In vain are Plots, in vain Conspiracies,
 Rome vainly vaunts of bearing Heavenly Keys;
 Celestial! no—for why she oft mistakes
 Them for the Keys that ope' Infernal Lakes,
 From whence such swarms of deadly Locusts fly,
 Whose dusky Wings obscure the clearing Skye;
 Devour the Nations, and with Poyson-stings,
 Corrupt the Scriptures, life Eternal springs;
 Such have in thee, O *British* Island, made
 Dissention, Murders, and had all betray'd,

Had Mercy not the Fatal Act deny'd,
 And turn'd the deadly Arrows in their side,
 Preserv'd the guiltless, and the guilty found:
 Witness my self, in dangerous Mischiefs drown'd;
 Must suffer justly, justly doom'd must dye,
 For Crimes deserving more, if more can be:
 And likewise all those cruel men that strive
 To ruine Nations, must at last arrive
 To like disgraceful Ends, Rewards for those
 Who Trade in mischief, or with Treason close,
Monks, Jesuits, and all the wretched Train!
 O shun such crafty men, who strive to Reign
 And Lord it o'er the Consciences of men,
 To bring them into Slavery agen,
 Worse then *Egyptian* bondage, worse then all
 That did in *Egypt Jacob's* Sons befall.
 Nay worse then *Babylonish* Tyrants, they
 First seize, and then insult upon the Prey,
 With smooth pretexs lead simple Souls astray,
 And make 'em then the Trophies of their Pride.
 Therefore beware of such, lest after-times
 Shou'd haunt your Conscience with Eternal Crimes,
 Blush not at admonition, but beware,
 Lest you're intangl'd in the self same Snare.
 That is my lot, when all the Priests of Rome
 Have not the Power to save you from the doom,
 So justly pass'd, no nor themselves secure
 From dangers that their Fatal Prides incur.
 Therefore my Friends, whoever you are, take heed
 That you no farther do in Ills proceed,
 Lest you a wretched Expiation make,
 And with me justly my Reward partake.